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Editor: Doc Stone
 Art Editor: Paul Marwood
 Production: Kim Lovelock
 Advertising: Anita Arving



Writers: John Brosnan
 John Fleming
 Dennis Gifford
 Steve Moore
 Barry Patterson
 Tim Vabnick

Artists: Rick Hall
 Brian Lewis (cover)
 Paul Neary
 Martin Ashby

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"One Man's Meat" is this month's feast-filled shiver-giver, written and illustrated by Martin Ashby.

Editorial

Science Fiction Lives!

With all the great "space opera" epics coming from the film industry right now, we thought it would be appropriate to adapt one of Hammer's futuristic fantasy films this time round. So, more than ever before, we look forward eagerly to your comments on our version of **MOON ZERO TWO**.

In our first issue, with the help of Paul Neary's artistic talents, we gave you as accurate and true an adaptation of a film (*Dracula*, 1958) as possible. This time we've once more called upon Paul, but we've given him licence to update the film. So you'll find a few changes have been made to costumes, settings and even characters to make this strip what we think is one of the best science

fiction comic stories ever.

Our cover artist, Brian Lewis, has also used artistic licence to extend the boundaries of the actual film, and has created a somewhat frightening but true picture of what happens if you're cut off in deep space, with no oxygen... in a total vacuum. Your blood literally boils, your veins and arteries explode, your eyes...

well, enough of that. Let's just hope you never get stuck out in deep space!

Just as a final note, we'd like to thank all of you who've written in for magazines, books and records from us, but can you please be sure to send all orders separately from any letters of comment, competition entries, or questions for our Answer Desk.

David Hamilton

HAMMER HAPPENINGS

ON FILM...

The big news from Hammer Films, the news that had everyone talking at this year's film festivals throughout the world, is **NESSIE**.

Nessie, a film so big that David Frost, Ewan Lloyd and Hammer have all joined forces to produce what is sure to be a world-wide box office smash. With a colossal budget of seven million dollars this looks like being Hammer's biggest and best yet!

IN PRINT...

Next issue's stunning adaptation is none other than Hammer's classic... **DRACULA, Prince Of Darkness**. Below is a sneak preview of the strip, stunningly illustrated by John Bolton.



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MOON ZERO TWO

A HAMMER/WARNER BROS.-SEVEN ARTS PRODUCTION
Starring JAMES DIXON, WARREN BRETHERTON AND ADRIAN PAUL
Director: RAY WOOD. MUSIC BY: STEPHEN ROBERTS. COSTUME DESIGNER: JIMMYE L. BROWN.

HIS NAME IS HAROLD. HE'S PROBABLY THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH IN THE YEAR 1996. INDUSTRIALISTS LIKE HAROLD ARE LAYING CLAIM TO THE MOON SOONER THAN FOR THEM BY INVENTING KEMP AND KARMINSKY.

Photo credits: Art by PAUL NEASEY

© 1996 New Line



Based on the story by Gavriel Lyall

ON A MONDAY, TO LUNAR CITY A CHANCE MEETING IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.

YOU'RE THE LAST ONE KNOWN. WE KNEW IF YOU'D LIKE TO STEP THIS WAY, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR SEAT.

I'LL BE AROUND IN ADVANCE FOR GETTING WOODDUST ON YOUR PRETTY NEW HOLIDAY OUTFIT!

AS A MATTER OF FACT I WAS DUE TO MEET HIM HERE ON BUSINESS. HE SAID HE'D MEET ME AT THE LAUNCH PAD.

AND HE DIDN'T SHOW UP?

NO, HE DIDN'T. DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM. ANYWAY, TAPLIN—HOLLY TAPLIN.

THAT'S DEAF, BUT DOWN. I'M A LOT ON HOLLAY AND I'M USED TO DUST MY BROTHER'S A MILE.

NO, I DON'T REMEMBER SYRK.

A MAN IN HIS DRUNK HELL, IF THAT'S THE WORST THING THAT HAPPENS TO HIM TODAY, HE'LL BE DOING OKAY.

MAKES YOU SEE, SOME OF THE PEOPLE YOU GET ON FLIGHTS THESE DAYS.

HOSTESS: THERE'S A ALIVE IN MY DRINK—A WAVE \$1.00.

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN. SHE'S A MURDER—SOME SORT OF V.I.P. APPARENTLY.

YOU SEE... I DON'T LIKE TOURISTS. DO YOU?

YOU COULD SAY THAT. IT'S HARD TO STAND BY AND SEE A WAY OF LIFE ATTACKED BY PEOPLE LIKE HIM.

DON'T HAVE ONE, I CAN STAY WITH A FRIEND. BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND ME IN THE HOTEL BAR.

YOU SEE, MR. LUN, FRIEND MAY NOT APPRECIATE PERSONAL CALLS.

SHE'S VERY POSITIVE—BUT A PERFECT LITTLE ANGEL.

WELL, HERE WE ARE. I'VE SURE YOUR BROTHER'LL MEET YOU HERE IN THE HOTEL LOBBY. I'VE CONTACT ME—I'LL TRY TO HELP.

I'LL BEAR THAT IN MIND IF YOU'LL TELL ME YOUR ROOM NUMBER.



"THAT'S UNFAIR! I'M ONLY DOING MY JOB!"

"YOU'RE A PERFECT LITTLE BITCH—D'YOU KNOW THAT?"

"THE INSTANT I FOUND OUT YOU WERE A MEMBER OF MOJO SECURITY, I SHOULD'VE DROPPED YOU FLAT! THEN AND THERE!"

"IF IT WAS ANYONE ELSE, I'D HAVE HUNG THEM. GROWING MONTAINS, NO?"

"BAYB— BUT IT'S STILL THE ONLY SHIP I'VE GOT!"



"THE CORPORATION WOULD TAKE YOU BACK AS A PASSENGER PILOT, BILL. THE EXPLORATION IS OVER NOW—BUT ONCE YOU GET GROUNDED FOR BAPTIST PRINCIPLES, THE CORPORATION WOULDN'T TOUCH YOU WITH A RADAR BEAM!"

"THE EXPLORATION WILL NEVER BE OVER, BARNEY! THERE'S MERCURY... THE OUTER PLANETS..."

"IF THE CORPORATION DOESN'T DO IT, SOMEONE ELSE WILL!"



"LISTEN, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE NOW. I'M ON DUTY IN FIVE MINUTES."

"I'LL GIVE YOU A MONTH."



"GET YOUR SHIP A MAJOR OVERHAUL."

"OR GET YOURSELF GROUNDED!"

"AT TIMES LIKE THIS, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN HELP BILL REAP IT'S READY AVAILABLE IN THE BAR."



"DURING THE FIFTH REPEL, THE SOUND OF A VOICE, INVADERS BEYOND'S ALCOHOLIC SUPPER."



"A GENTLEMAN WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, MR. KEMP."

"SO IF YOU TELL THE GENTLEMAN I'M HERE, HE CAN SEE ME HERE."

"I'M TRYING TO CONVINCE YOU THAT YOU'VE REQUESTED FROM THIS PARTICULAR GENTLEMAN ARE BEST ACTED UPON."



"YOU JUST CONVINCED ME."

"THE LIFT SINGS TO A HALT IN THE MYSTIC SUITE."



"BE POLITE, MR. KEMP. FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!"

"PERHAPS THE RECORDS HAS CHANGED KEMP'S SENSES—BUT THE ONE PERSON HE DOES NOT EXPECT TO SEE IS"

HUSBARD!

WELL, MY PRETTY ONES—HE RECOGNIZES ME.

MY ONES ARE LEGEND ON EVEN JUNE DUTY-WAVE—THIS TINY TRAGMENT OF COSMOS DEARS.

TOO TRUE! I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR DEEDS OF DARING—DO EVER SINCE I SAW YOU IN HEROIC CONFLICT WITH THAT HARK IN YOUR DREAM THIS MORNING.

ENOUGH! I HAD EXPECTED A LITTLE MORE CIVILITY FROM THE REPTILIAN WHO MADE THE FIRST MANNED FLIGHT TO MARS!

THE MAN WHO LIVED ON HIS REPUTATION—UNTIL HE WAS FORGOTTEN.

THE MAN WHO REPEATEDLY EXPLORES THE ALREADY-EXPLORED IN THE UNLESS REPTILIOUS CHARGE OF HIS STEADY DECLINE INTO A SCAVENGER OF WASTE!

YOU MADE YOUR POINT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

AS IF! IN ANSWER, THE LIGHTS DIM—AND HUSBARD'S VOICE SOUNDS SWIFTLY IN SILENCE.

THANK YOU, WHITBLUN.

THIS IS THE ASTEROID APPROXIMATELY 500 THOUSAND TONNES OF CORUNDUM ALUMINUM OXIDE.

OH—JAPANESE ME KEN? THAT'S A VERY SPECIAL ASTEROID! AND YOU AND I ARE GOING TO LAND IT! YOU'VE HAVE THE RESULTS OF TWO YEARS' RESEARCH TO HELP YOU—AND WE'VE HAVE THE BEST PILOT ON THE MOON!

BUT AS ILLEGAL AS WELL? WHAT DO I STAND TO GAIN?

OH!

TELL ME MORE!

A BRAND NEW SPACE PERRY!

LATER, LEE WATCHES FROM THE DEPARTURE DOOR.



THAT'S GOOD, BILL. — BUT THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN IN A LOAD UP FREIGHT SINCE A SCVENING FLIGHT...

AS SHE, TRANS TO WHITSON.



THERE'S THAT HOWARD CHARACTER HEADQUARTERS WHEEDS ME TO WATCH. HE SEEMS TO HAVE MORE THAN A PASSING INTEREST IN BILL'S FLIGHT.

MAYBE IT'S TIME I'VE GOT AWAY AND ASKED A FEW QUESTIONS.

UNREMARKABLE. KIDNAP. KIDNAP. WHITSON REACH DEC. 31ST.

HOW WE DOING, WHITSON?

LET ME SEE. COUNTING CORRECT... DUE TO ARRIVE AT THE ASTEROID IN 40. 30. 20. MINUTES 50 SECONDS. EVERYTHING GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.

I'M NOT SO SURE TOO MANY PEOPLE KNOW WE BROUGHT THOSE ENGINES COULD MEAN TROUBLE.



THREE MUST BE TWO. MISTAKES ARE AROUND THE ENGINES MUST FIRE TOGETHER IN EXACTLY FOURTEEN MINUTES.

DON'T PANIC, WHITSON. THEY'RE ALL CONNECTED UP IN SERIES. I'VE BOSSED 1 AND 2 TO GO OFF WHEN WE IGNITE 3. RIGHT HERE.



OKAY — BGM. THE SHIP OFF TO A SAFE DISTANCE — AND GIVE ME THE COUNT DOWN.

MINUTES LATER.



THREE... TWO... ONE... ZERO... IGNITION!

BOOM! IS CAUGHT UP IN A RACK BY THE SUDDEN ASTEROID'S RECOIL.



MY GOD! WE CAN'T UNFASTEN HIS LIFE-LINE.

WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!

THE ASTEROID'S DRAGGING HIM AWAY!



CUTTERS.

THANK GOD!



YOU WALKING HOWE... OR DO YOU WANT A LIFT?

GUESS I'LL TAKE A LIFT!

AN ANNOYING CLEMENTINE TAPLIN HAS LOCATED KEMP IN ONE OF THE HOTEL BARS

AND NOWCOY SEEMS TO HAVE DONE WITH FOR NEARLY TWO WEEKS COULD YOU FLY ME OUT TO HIS KING MR. KEMP?

FROM WHAT YOU SAY, IT'S WORTH A TRIP TO FARGIE BASS.

I AND ONCE MY TRIP OFF I'LL NEED 500 CREDITS TO BREAK EVEN

BUT I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY! I - I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE MY BROTHER SAID WE'D FIND SOMETHING

THEN IT'S A DEAL - ANOTHER DRINK, Y

AT THE BAR

YEAH? HUSBAND DOESN'T OWN ME

YOU'RE ALREADY HIRED, KEMP. THE LADY CAN TAKE HER PROBLEMS ELSEWHERE



DRINK HER, KEMP?

HANDS OFF?



KEMP REACHES DOWN FOR THE EMERGENCY GRAVITY CONTROL

- NO KNOWS THE TIME - WE PLAY BY-BOY RULES



UNARMED, HE WITH LOW GRAVITY CONDITIONS, THE BAWMAN'S BULK WORKS AGAINST HIM

KEMP LIES BENEATH A POWERFUL BLOW



AND STRAIGHTEN UP - HEAVING HUSBAND'S ROOM AWAY INTO THE AIR!



BUT KEMP DOESN'T WAIT FOR HIS OPPONENT TO COME DOWN - HE JUST GRIPS CLEAN AND RUNS

IN THAT MOMENT, A STUNNED ADJUSTS THE GRAVITY CONTROL



IN THE LOBBY

CWOW - GOT TO PHONE KARWASKY FAST, TO MEET US AT THE LAUNCH-PAD

IN TWO MINUTES THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE SWARMED WITH SECURITY POLICE!

A FEW HOURS LATER, A SMALL CRAFT ZINGS TOWARD A LANDING AREA ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON.

AS IS CUSTOMARY THIS FAR FROM CIVILIZATION, ALL IS NOT GOING WELL.

HERE WE ARE, CARBON 5.

LOOKS LIKE WE MISSED THE BUSH HOUR.

IT'S TOO DEEP! WE'RE BEING OUT THERE—AND 100 ABOVE, WHEN THE BOB GETS UP.

OUTSIDE THE BOB, WE'D BE DEAD IN A FEW HOURS—CRY OUR NIGHT.

THE MOONBUS CRASHES RELUCTANTLY IN A HANGAR 3.

HOW LONG WILL IT BE DARK?

WE'VE MADE SUN-UP. IT'LL BE DARK IN LESS THAN ONE EARTH DAY.

THE BOB BEGINS ON INTERMINABLY OVER THE LUNAR SURFACE.

COMING UP TO SPEED, THE BOB SHOULD BE ON YOUR BROTHER'S CLAM IN ABOUT 30 MINUTES.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

SOON.

WILLY! WILLY! TAP! TAP! TAP! WILLY! YOU RECEIVING ME? OVER.

APPROACHING THE MINE ENTRANCE ON FOOT, THEY SEE A FIGURE CROUCHING IN THE BLOOD.

WILLY! IS THAT YOU? WILLY!

AS GLEN BLANCHES OUT, THE FIGURE SUDDENLY PITCHES FORWARD.

REACHING THE GHOSTLY BRANNING OF WILLY'S TAP! TAP! TAP!

characters appear tantamount to the story.

This unfortunate chopping must leave split and confused audiences one section seeing the Jap version and understanding what is going on if not thoroughly enjoying it, and the other section on seeing Coman's mutilation believing the film to be a shoddy production and utterly confusing. Very likely it will be the American version that will be the most widely seen, and not the impressive Japanese version.

BRADBURY FILM

* Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles*, an all-film item (there have been three previous attempts at getting the project off the ground 1957, as a television series by Bryna Productions, 1960, by MGM, 1964, by director Robert Mulligan), is now set for television as a 3-hour Wolper Production. Wolper was responsible for *The Hellfiremen Chronicle* back in 1971. Bradbury has written the script which runs over three hours (scripting time).

CLARKE/DE PALMA

* *Childhood's End* is slated for production by George Lamo Productions. The Arthur C. Clarke story has been put into script form by writer-director Abraham Polonsky. George Lamo Prods. also hope for Alfred Bessie's "The Demolished Man" book, another fantasy project, to be directed by Brian De Palma (of *Phantom of the Paradise* fame).



* Comedian Peter Cook is directing, from his own screenplay, *Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde* for Memorial Films.

* Film rights to Sax Rohmer's *Fu Manchu* stories have been acquired, and a comedy about Fu and arch-enemy Nayland Smith locking swords is due.

* *The Promised Crusade*, a novel by Thomas N. Scortia and Frank M. Robinson, has been picked up for filming. The story deals with a disaster at a nuclear power station in northern California. The Scortia-Robinson team previously wrote *The Glass Defiance*, one of the two books on which Lew Allen's *The Tearing Infirma* was based.

* *Inner Dept.* Watershead Productions have completed *King Kong Fu*, shot in SuperScope, which will be crawling over your screens anytime now!

* Roman Polanski (maker of the highly-acclaimed *Dance of the Vampires*) has *The Tenant* under wraps for Paramount. Story concerns an office worker (Polanski) who is subjected to the influence of a prowling spirit in his sleazy apartment. Players include Isabelle Adjani, Lili Kedowa and Shelley Long.

* Support features and short misadventure *Dreadful*, about an Indian spirit, *Missie Sycamore*, Jason Richards turns into a spaceman, true *Dracula's Great Love*, Paul Naschy camp-thriller *Enter the Devil* (which in West Texas, Markia Van Nieuwenhuis, fantasy in *Medieval Belgium*, *Metamorphosis*. Kafka's story of a man who changes into a beetle, *Psycho Killer*, Jim Hutton murders in a fashion to *The Power*; *Vampire's Night Orgy*, tells of Spanish vampires and cannibalism, *Here Comes the Bride* psycho thriller with Robin St. James, *John Neal*, *Last Stop on the Night Train* with Kaye Seal, *Patty F. Edwards*, *Symptoms*, starring Angela Pleasence, *The Eyes of Dr. Chaney* (tentative title), stars Richard Burchart, Erich von Däniken's *Miracles of the Gods*.

BOOK news

House Of Horror contributor John Brosnan has just had his third book published, a sequel to his *Movie Magic*. Available now, it's entitled...

THE HORROR PEOPLE



John Brosnan's *Horror People* is one of those books I hate only browsing through, because once I start I find it difficult to stop. *The Horror People* (Macdonald and Jane's, London, 1976, £5.95) mainly consists of interviews with personalities involved, or at one time involved, with the production of films in the fantasy genre: the people who made the horror film a genre.

The author has allowed as much as possible to be in the stars and directors' own words—which gives the reader a better insight to the person in question. Although the author himself has been tramped in some cases to argue and state his own observations.

The book is laid out most intelligently in a chronological chapter by chapter study, from the early days of Chaney Ser through to Kevin Francis of Tyburn Films (who recently produced *Legend of the Werewolf* by Tyburn).

Starting off with the Chaney's (*Ser & Jr.*), the book covers the careers of performers continually associated with films

of a fantastic nature, such as Lugo, Lugosi, Karloff, Vincent Price, Chris Lee and Peter Cushing. Their thoughts are sometimes curious, but mainly revealing.

The imaginative and creative Val Lewton, and his small RKO unit, are discussed in a chapter which tells how the series of impressive films, including *The Cat People* (1942), *Isle of the Dead* (1945) and *Curse of the Cat People* (1944), came about. It's interesting to note that Lewton's unit seemed to have the same family feel to it that Hammer later established during their days at Bray.

The construction and development of the current horror-based production companies, Hammer & American International Productions, are also detailed, with informative observations on their creative staff such as Michael Carreras, Roger Corman, Terence Fisher etc.

A remarkable section is the chapter that Mr. Brosnan has given to the writers, directors and producers most active in the horror field in recent years. It was a pleasure, for this reviewer, to see some space finally allocated to author and screenwriter Richard Matheson (*Omega Man*, *Hell House*, etc.)—a man sadly overlooked in this sphere.

With so many tomes in the bookstores that are nothing more than endless catalogues of the author's still collection, it comes as a refreshing change to have the text occasionally interspersed with useful stills rather than, as in most cases, the endless galleries of photos being interrupted by pieces of text.

On the whole, *The Horror People* is informative, revealing, interesting and in parts curious (I'd dispute Mr. Brosnan's rating of *The Hunching above Curse of the Demon*), besides being of notable value to the reading list of any serious horror film buff.

EVERY now and then the vintage horror film fan will find himself winking as he watches a horror film—not because he's frightened or shocked but because the monster is so so old and unconvincing it wouldn't frighten a baby in its pram. Examples

of this type of thing are endless, such as werewolves that look like amiable chimpanzees, giant reptiles with zippers running down their backs, creatures from outer space that resemble bowls of fruit, and vampires whose mouths are so full of teeth they whistle when they speak.

The blame for these familiar cinematic duds is usually heaped upon the poor make-up and special effects men but it's not always their fault. They are obliged to follow the orders of the producer and director and also to work within budgets that are less than satisfactory. Even the best effects man in the world can't achieve miracles if he hasn't the sufficient money.

OCTOPUS ALIENS

Strangely enough, however, Hammer Films have always maintained a high quality in those departments, even in their early days when their films were all made on shoe-string budgets. This was due to the skills of people such as Phil Leakey, Roy Ashton (both make-up men), Syd Pearson and Les Bouie (both effects men). It was Bouie who handled the effects on Hammer's first horror film *The Quatermass Experiment* (1955). It was based on the BBC TV serial of the same name (written by Nigel Kneale) and was about an astronaut who returns from space infected by an alien life form. Slowly the astronaut, wonderfully played by Richard Widmark, was eaten away by the alien within him and transformed into something that was no longer human. The film's climax took place in Westminster Abbey where the astronaut, by then an octopus-like mass of tentacles, is discovered lurking in the scaffolding. Only the swift action of Professor Quatermass (played by Brian Donlevy) prevented the monster from scattering its spores over London and thus creating a threat to all life on earth.

Bouie made the monster out of various bits and pieces, including rubber solution and sheets of tinfoil—but the overall effect is very convincing. It really does look alive in the finished film, and totally alien. 'We did *Quatermass* on a budget so low,' Bouie told me, 'it wasn't as if it budget. It's a film that, if you see it today, you say "Ugh, what terrible effects (on the contrary, they're very

TERRIBLE MONSTERS

by John Brownlow





One of Les Bowie's monster rooms in the doorway. From *The Trollenberg Terror*.

impressive, but if you know how little was spent when we were making it, it becomes a different thing. Usually an effects man is allotted a certain amount of money from the budget to devote to the effects but I did it for wages only. I think I only received £30 a week for working on it and there were a great deal of effects involved in it apart from designing the monster itself."

MONSTER MAKE-UP

Make-up man on *Quatermass* was Phil Leakey who succeeded in changing Richard Woodworth in the early stages of his translocation into an eerie pathetic shell of a man. "That film has been with me ever since," said Woodworth recently, "and it was great fun. My part had been over for about twenty minutes when the monster attacks Westminster Abbey. In that sequence it had become a great solid blob draped over everything. But a landlady up north said to me, 'Mr Woodworth, you were so good. And in the Abbey scene your make-up! It was marvellous!'"

Les Bowie, without justification, feels somewhat grumpy about a few of the films he has worked on in the past. "I always wish I could spend more money on my effects. I've never done anything yet that I haven't always wished that I could have afforded to do miles better. For example,

I once did a film called *The Trollenberg Terror* that had an awful lot of effects in it but there was one shot in particular that really made me squirm when we did it. I squirmed then and I squirm now when the film appears on TV. It was a shot of a cloud on a mountain and I did it in a mad hurry. The cloud was just a piece of cotton wool which I stuck on a photograph of a mountain with a nail and then we filmed it. And they used that shot time and time again during the film.

Everytime a character looked out a window they'd cut to this terrible piece of cotton wool on the photograph awful!"

PILES OF PORRIDGE

But at least the monsters that Mi Bowie created for *The Trollenberg Terror* were rather effective (as you can see from the still we've included). That can't be said for the monsters in *Island of Terror* (1965) which starred Peter Cushing: the film was about giant mutated viruses—the result of cancer research gone wrong—that get loose on a small island and destroy their victims by sucking the bones out of their bodies. Sounds impressive. I admit, and it might have made an above average horror film if the monsters themselves hadn't been so disappointing. They resembled large piles of porridge and were just about as thin-

Duncan Lamont (centre, in quotation of the 1950s) as the sole survivor of a space mission. From BBC's *The Quatermass Experiment*.



ated. A monster that can only move at the rate of a tired tortoise definitely lacks menace, whether it's capable of sucking bones or not. One of the most ludicrous moments in the film occurred during a battle between a group of these mobile porridges and a crowd of islanders when one man is attacked by a virus that leaps on him out of a tree. Or rather a prop man dropped the green lump of rubber on top of the actor who then grabbed it severely and fell back screaming. Rather absurd when it's obvious that these slugs weren't capable of climbing up someone's leg much less a tree.

DANISH MONSTERS

One of my favourite dad monsters was Rephahus, star of the movie of the same name. *Rephahus* was made in Denmark in 1961 and has the distinction of being one of the few, if not the only Danish horror film ever made. A viewing of *Rephahus* will make clear why the Danes haven't made any monster films since then. Actually the film started off quite well, the drill of an oil survey team is found to contain flesh and blood which turns out to come from the tail of a buried dinosaur. The tail is exhumed and taken to a laboratory, where it then proceeds to grow a new body! A novel touch, but unfortunately it was the only cliche in the whole picture. As soon as it was fully grown the dinosaur escaped from the laboratory and did all the things that revived dinosaurs usually do, such as fighting it out with the army and stepping on cities etc. But what made this film particularly memorable was the sheer awfulness of the special effects, and Rephahus itself was the silliest looking dinosaur ever to knock over a building. In fact it looked more like a dragon than a dinosaur and even had a pair of tiny wings that enabled it to soar, somewhat shakily, through the air. A hundred-ton monster flying around with a wing span of only a few feet is not something you see every day, thank heavens. The rest of the effects were just as lacking in realism: all the model buildings, cars, tanks etc. all looked as if they had come straight out of a toy shop, and a cheap toy shop at that. Nor was there any attempt to combine the live action with the effects, with the result that you never saw the actors and the monster together in the same shot and that's always a fatal mistake.

Another high contender for the 'Silliest Monster Ever' prize was the giant bird in *The Chin Jabo* known as *The Flying Chin*. Supposedly from outer space is a bird that can fly through a



Rephahus (top) and Chin Jabo (above) from an obscure film. Bug Foss. White, below, is a scene from a Danish horror film.





Above — a good reason to close your windows at night. Below — what happens if you don't (from *Son of Blob*).

science fiction drink (most of) and pronounced his *science-fiction* Clav resembled an enormous corker and was almost as light as a feather. It's hard to believe the effects men were serious when they designed and built the thing.

TRIFFID TERRORS

Also less than impressive were the monsters in the film version of *Tix*, *Dad of the Triffids* which was a pity because John Wyndham's classic novel about deadly walking plants had all the makings of a good film. In the book the Triffids moved on three legs, rather like the Martian war machines in H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*, but in the film it was difficult to see just how the things managed to move, though one assumes their method was basically *snail-like*. In a few sequences the Triffids were relatively impressive, such as the one where a mob of them break through the windows of a school and attack the people inside, but for the most part they were unconvincing, the really ludicrous moment came when the hero, played by Howard Keel, lured a group of Triffids down a road by playing music on the ice cream truck he had commandeered. Exposed by the music (or very annoyed by it—it's hard to tell with a Triffid) these previously slow-moving creatures chase the truck down the road. This was achieved by cutting to a little model truck hurtling down a toyland road and pursued by a horde of little Triffids who all looked like they were on roller skates. For me, unfortunately, it was the highlight of the whole movie.

Some of the silliest monsters ever appeared on TV, and usually they were the product of Irwin Allen's production team. Irwin Allen has been a major force in Hollywood since the early 1950s and for awhile in the 1960s he had the reputation (quite undeserved) of being American TV's top science fiction producer. It was thanks to him we had the doubtful pleasure of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, *Time Tunnel*, *Lost in Space* and *Land of the Giants*. (These days he's back in films with such successes as *The Poseidon Adventure* and *Tix*, *Towering Inferno*.) Monsters were always the prime ingredient of Allen's TV series, particularly in *Voyage* where, every week without fail, the submarine seaview would be invaded or threatened by giant jelly fish, Egyptian mummies, ghosts, robots, giant whales or intelligent seaweed. Whatever it was, you could be sure that it had nothing to do



with science or logic. In his book *The Snake John Durnie* described Allen's working methods when it came to monsters. "There was a knock on the door and the unit manager from *Voyage* entered. Irwin, the antennae on Lobster Man's suit are supposed to vibrate but the suit isn't rigged for it."

VOYAGE TO BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

Then forget it, said Allen. "Wait a minute. Ask the electrical department if they can put two blinking lights in the antennae."

"Okay," said the unit man. "That's a good idea, Irwin." Later the unit man returned. About Lobster Man. Irwin. The lights in the antennae won't work. Too much voltage."

"The Lobster Man will fry?"

"Right, Irwin."

Allen patted the unit man on the shoulder. "Paul, he said, 'You figure something out. You be Irwin for a while.'"

On another occasion Allen was approached by the art director from *Forcee* with some sketches he wanted okayed. One was of a blob-like creature. Allen perused it quickly. "Okay, one monster," he said. "One thing. His



Paul Francis as the original head of the *Legend Of Hell House*.

mouth. Does a monster's mouth move when he talks?" The art director looked bewildered. "We hadn't planned on it, Irwin."

"A monster looks phony if his mouth doesn't move when he's talking. Fix it. A mouth on the blob."

And speaking of blobs, I've always thought that the blob in *The Blob* was less than satisfactory, especially if you compare it to the similar creatures in Japan's *H-Max* (which we discussed in last month's column) and Hammer's *Army*

of the Dead. The Blob itself didn't appear much in the film, which was mainly concerned with Steve McQueen's unsuccessful romance with a teenager, and Allen's *Legend of Hell House* is impressive.

There were some good moments, such as when it poured through the projection slots of a cinema, but the climax, which had the blob enveloping dinner, was very disappointing, consisting, as it did, of just a static painting. Obviously the effects budget on that was kept a bare minimum. More fun was the recent sequel *Return of the Blob*.

HELL HOUSE

A whole film can be undammed by just one clumsy shot and this particularly applies to horror movies. A good example of this is in *The Legend of Hell House*. Those who have seen it will know that, apart from the ending, it was an above-average horror film with very good special effects—such as the sequence where the poltergeist attacks the ghost hunters in the dining room, causing the fireplace to spew flames and the huge table to leap up and down, and also in the sequence where Reddy McDowall is sent hurtling several times down the length of a chapel by a powerful invisible force. But all this was undone at the very end when the

A feature scene from Marcel Carné's *Frenchy After Les Valseuses De Satan*.





secretly in the House's basement — which was considered dead territory. Michael Gough is one of a chain proceeding to the corpse. It might have been all right if a close-up hadn't revealed that Gough was alive and well... with twitching eyeballs and everything. I know it's not easy for an actor to pretend he's dead but surely the director could keep filming until he gets a shot where the actor does manage to keep completely still, rather than include a scene in the finished film that destroys the whole illusion.

THE HAUNTING

Actually one of the best monsters in a horror film, in my opinion, was one that never appeared at all. It was in *The Haunting* and was created entirely on the sound track. There was an impressively chilling scene where two women wait terrified in a room as they hear the insubstantial something coming down the corridor outside... a series of loud crashes that increase in volume until they become deafening when they reach the women's door. A terrifying moment and one that surely contains a lesson for all horror film makers: the less you show of the monster the less likely you are of having it laughed off the screen. ●

Above — the monster from *Island Of Terror* Below — a dead alien from *Flawless's* *Quatermass And The Pit*



Post Mortem



c/o HOUSE OF HAMMER, 135-141 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON W.1.

And still the mail keeps pouring in on our first issue.

I was most impressed by the first issue of your magazine, and wish you well for the future. Our Society's films, like all with Hammer and we are still immensely grateful for the many kindnesses received from Michael Carreras. It was through his good offices that we received the presentation of the *Dracula* cloak worn by Christopher Lee in the Hammer series from Monty Berman. Sincere good wishes to the mag.

Bruce Wightman,
Chairman, Dracula Society,
London



I was very impressed with the first issue of *House of Hammer*. It was, as the Editor said, the finest horror/fantasy magazine on the market. The artwork was fantastic, especially on the "*Dracula*" adaptation: the photos were also very well produced, unlike other magazines whose photographs are far too dark and smudgy. In fact, I can't pick any faults at all. I was very pleased to see not only an article on the film *Kronos*, but also a fantastically illustrated comic strip. I've hunted high and low searching for information on this Hammer film, and nearly all my efforts were in vain until I picked up *House of Hammer*.

Mark Hansen,
Stapleford,
Nottingham

I've just discovered the best mag. in England! You're right. *House of Hammer*!

Denham Siegentz
Burnley,
North Staffs

To be perfectly honest I bought the first *House of Hammer* mainly for the promised comic strip, as I only have a passing interest in horror. Although the *Dracula* strip was quite a lot above average, the Captain Kronos strip was excellent. Keep it up, guys!

Dave J. Edge,
Wolverhampton
West Midlands

A most commendable first issue, gentlemen, and I have made it my duty that such a fine publication should be praised (but also, in some cases criticised). Cover Joe Petagno was an excellent choice—but I didn't think much of the *Dracula* song. Chris Lee's film career was covered very well, a very rewarding article. Media Mafabre was excellent, and made for interesting reading. But... Captain Kronos—Push off! The piece on special effects was only fair, and the same may be said for the vampire article. Finally, van Helming's Terror Tale was a short but sweet tale, and rounded issue I off well. I'll certainly be looking forward to issue 2, the promised *Devil A Daphnia* feature should be worth the 50 pence alone!

David Dent,
Hounslow,
Middlesex

All thoughts and feelings are accepted at this office, Dave. Indeed, the more the merrier. Readers' letters are what we rely on to tell us how we're doing.

May I congratulate you on your fine new magazine. At the first glimpse of comic strip I thought "Crummy!" Gosh, wasn't I wrong? You can't call the adaptations comic strips—they're great works of art! Not silly at all, but good adult stories. Well done! I can't wait for the next issue.

P. Houghton,
Reckfach,
Worcestershire

"VOODOO VENGEANCE — VERY WELL ILLUSTRATED"

I have just finished reading No. 1 of your wonderful magazine... and I just had to write and tell you I thought it was superb! The presentation "*Dracula*" was superb. I'm waiting for "*Frankenstein*" in issue 2. Media Mafabre was very interesting, but could have been longer. I thought obviously give a good account of the best horror happenings. Drinkers of "*Blood*" was an extremely good survey of the scene. Vampire and Voodoo Vengeance was very well illustrated though the story was a bit old. Altogether the magazine was very well presented and enjoyable — a first class horror mag.

Mark Finch, Cambridge



THE WORDS OF POWER, BLOOD-DRINKING THING, THE SKULLS FROM ALL OVER THE CHAIRS INTO THE GROUND, EATEN!



"KRONOS... MORE IMAGINATION THAN MAIN STORY"

AT KRONOS TOO, HAS
BUT DIED WITH
THE SWISS.



What's in this chaotic *House of Hammer* was a hard finding when, this, I told it, like this cover of the *Dracula* story. Paul Scott's art was good, but it could have been better. That John Lee letter was also good, and the same goes for Media Magazine, and the *Kronos* re-up. Although pretty messy in places, the art on *Kronos* showed far more imagination than the main story. And it was a well-written letter. I thought it was better all round this. (Drac)

Gerome Baines
Grimsby
Humber-side

Have you found *Wolf* hard to find, Gerome. We can only do so much to get the mag out onto the streetside. However, we're working on distribution bottling problems right now, and hope to have them sorted out very soon.

House of Hammer is one of the most exciting horror magazines I've ever laid eyes on. The cover is fantastic. Christopher Lee is my favourite actor and frankly I think his bog should have been 12 pages at least! What about a bog and biography of Peter Cushing?

Ronnie Wright
Darlington
Co Durham

Cushing biography and biography in the works, Ronnie. Watch out for it.

We've been so flooded under with mail about *House of Hammer* that we can hardly move! Here are a few subjects from readers' letters...

Wolf is the best horror mag since *Monster Mag*. "*Dracula*" and "*Kronos*" were too good for words.

Stephen Whittaker,
Wentworth

best horror mag out "*Dracula*" artwork was fantastic, held me spell-bound. Easily worth 3p.

T Shirback,
Worthing, Sussex

delighted by *Wolf* No 1. Look forward to receiving further copies of your excellent publication.

Pauline V. Manning,
Ryde, Isle of Wight

Wolf is just fantastic. Really enjoyed your comic strip adaptation of *Dracula*. The art was superb. Your regular columns were great too. All in all, this publishing premiere issue has me hooked. Looking forward to issue 2.

John Pugh
Blackwood Gwent

I think your magazine is absolutely great! Just what I've been waiting for.

Douglas Bruce,
London

Thanks for bringing us *House of Hammer*. It's about time somebody rejuvenated the British Graphic-horror market. Generally, as a first issue, I was very impressed, and must admire your enthusiasm and ambition regarding this project.

Cohn Gould,
Liverpool



It may be of interest to younger readers of *House of Hammer* (and nostalgia buffs) that when it was released in May, 1958, Hammer's *Dracula* received a *Law*-type response from London cinema-goers.

A cutting from *Kinematograph Weekly*, which I have in my collection, made "*Hammer's Dracula*" for Universal International and Rank re-

lease has created a box office record at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Each day since the opening there have been queues which have extended for a quarter of a mile."

We hope you receive a similar kind of response with *House of Hammer*.
Lynda Harris and Stephen Prince,
Acton Vale,
London

MOON ZERO TWO PART TWO

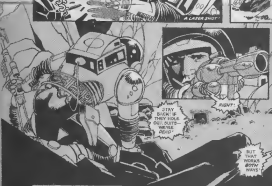
STUNNED, CLIM TAKES TO KIMPH— BUT, AT THAT MOMENT



A LATER SHOT!



DOWN!
WHOEVER
FIRED THAT
SHOT MEANS
BLOWN!



STAY
BACK! IF
THEY SEE
YOU, OUTGO
WE'LL
SEND

RIGHT!

BUT
THAT
WORKS
BOTH
WAYS



THE BOOM FALLS— BRUISING DOWN
A CASCADE OF ROCKS ON TO KIMPH'S
MOONBUS!



HELL—
HIT! THE
SUITS
WILKED!

THAT'S
THE CASE!
OF OUR
WARRIORS
LOOK!



REALLY TIGHT, HIS BURNING CHUCKS FORMED FLIGHT
IN THE TWO REMAINING KILLERS



OUT!! IF
WE STAY HERE,
IT'LL CRUSH
US LIKE
COINTEGRALS

OR
BOTH OF
ALIVE



NO
USE!

THAT
THING'S GOT
A SUIT-UP
SHIELD!

THAT ROCK LIP
THERE — IT WORKED
ONCE — YOU THINK
WE CAN DO IT
AGAIN?

WHAT?

LOOKING ABOVE THEM — A THIN, BALANCED SLAB OF LUNAR LANDSCAPE
AN ACCIDENTAL ROCKSLIDE
SWASHED OUR BUS — MAYBE
A DELIBERATE OUS CAN
SMASH THEM?

CAN YOU
DO IT?

DON'T
KNOW BUT
I CAN

SECONDS LATER ONLY
WRECKAGE REMAINS

AND PERHAPS —
A SURVIVOR?

OVER
THERE! A
MOVEMENT!

AND SURPRISE LIFELESS

MY GOD!
WHAT'EVER
WAS IN THAT
CYLINDER
HASN'T
DRIED!

IT IS AT THIS CRUCIAL MOMENT THAT
KEMP SUDDENLY REALIZES THAT WHILE
UNWITTINGLY CAUSING A MAN'S DEATH,
HE HAS DISCOVERED EXACTLY WHAT
HAPPENED TO WALLY TAPIN.

TRAPPED BENEATH THE WRECKAGE,
THE SOLE SURVIVOR FIGHTS
FOR BREATH

HIS DYSEN
CYLINDER'S HOLED!
GET ONE FROM
WALLY'S PACK —
QUICKLY!

KEMP SHIPS THE CYLINDER
INTO PLACE.

GAS RELEASE

BREATHING SOBERLY, THE
FIGURE SUDDENLV
CHOICES... CONVULSES

THEIR ATTACKERS' MOONBUS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT—BUT FUEL SUPPLIES ARE PRACTICALLY LOW.

WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THIS CREEK—INSTEAD OF DETOURING IT.

SHOULD HAVE GO TO MILES AT LEAST.

THERE'S A RISK WE WON'T BE ABLE TO CLIMB OUT, BUT AT LEAST WE'LL BE COOL DOWN HERE. THE RENT'LL BE UP SOON—AND WE CAN'T WASTE FUEL ON THE COOLING SYSTEM.

THE END OF THE CREEK—A WALL OF ROCKS!

HANG ON, CLEM—WE'RE GOING UP!

THE MOONBUS LURCHES INTO THE DENSE, BRIGHTNESS OF THE LUNAR MORNING.

MY GOD, BSA—THE TEMPERATURE GAUGE! IT'S GOING MAD!

KEEP YOUR COOL, MOO—YOU'LL ACEE IT!

THE SUN BEATS DOWN ON THE BUS, AS IT CREEPS ACROSS THE LUNAR DUST-FIELDS.

CAN YOU SEE ON THE MAP HOW MUCH FURTHER, CLEM?

FIVE MAYBE SEVEN MILES.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE—NATION (IS IT?) THE OR SEVEN? IT COULD MAKE ALL THE BLASTED DIFFERENCE—THE MOTOR COILS ARE OVERHEATING!

MINUTES LATER, AN ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX BURNS CLEM'S SHIRT (SCREECHES!).

SET YOUR HELMET ON—GIVEN!

THE BUS EXPLODES IN A BARRAGE OF FLAME. THE FLEEING SURVIVORS ARE SWAYN SPINAWAYS BY THE SHOCK-WAVE.

THEY'RE ALONE—MARCHED IN THE LUNAR WASTES.

AS THEY STUMBLE UP A SLOPE—THEY KNOW IT MUST BE THEIR LAST.

THEY SUDDENLY—IN THE VALLEY BELOW—APPEAR IN A...

AND IT NEVER LOOKED BETTER!

IN FRAGILE, SICK-BUT, KEMP SLOWLY
WAGS CONSIDERATION — AND HEARS
TWO FAMILIAR VOICES. KERNOWSKY
AND LIZ

THEY'LL BOTH BE
GONE — BUT THEY'RE
AS LUCKY AS WE
WE SAW THEM
OUT THERE

KEMP
WON'T FEEL SO
DAMN LUCKY
AFTER I'VE HAD
A WORD WITH
HER!



WELCOME BACK! NOW — ABOUT
THAT LITTLE INCIDENT AT THE HOTEL...
YESTERDAY

FORGET ALL
THAT! HOW DOES IT
COMPARE WITH OUR BEING
AWASHED... AND KILLING
THREE GOONS IN SELF-
DEFENSE?

YOU REALLY
DO THINK IN
STYLE! IT'D BETTER
GET OUT THERE
AND CHECK ON
THIS



GRABBING AN ODDER CHAIR FROM HIS NIT,
KEMP SLIPS HIS WAY THROUGH

ONE THING WE
CAN CHECK ON RIGHT
NOW?

WALLY TAPLIN
WAS DEAD WHEN WE
GOT THERE — IN AN
UNHOLY SUE — AND
THIS "OXYGEN" CHAIR
YOU SAID HE WAS
NEARLY FULL

COOK!



FOR
CRYING
OUT LOUD —
CARELESS!

SURE... I'LL BE
CAREFUL — UNLESS YOU'RE
LIKE TO KEEP QUIET? ABOUT
WHY YOU GAVE TAPLIN A
CYLINDER OF
POISON GAS?

I HAD
TO — THEY
WANTED
TAPLIN'S
CLAIMS
TO



I'D CARD AN
ATTORNEY! BUT THEN,
MR. KEMP ALREADY
KNOWS THAT!

JUST INSIDE THE HELICOPTER HUSBAND AND HIS CHORTS

IN FACT, HE WAS AIRING
LIZ — UNTIL HE INTRODUCED
FACTORS SUCH AS HIGH
SECURITY, AND TAPLIN'S
SISTER, INTO OUR LITTLE
CHESS GAME. PREY
UNWIS, MR. KEMP,



IT SEEMS THE FAILURE OF MY PLAN TO
STOP YOU AT THE MINE WAS A SECOND
SURPRISE. YOU CAN STILL HELP US
COMPLETE THE MATHS — COME
WITH ME, MR. KEMP

I CAN'T
ALLOW THAT
FAM HOLDING
HIM IN
CUSTODY



AND ARRESTING
YOU FOR MURDER,
HUSBAND?

I THINK
NOT GET
HER!



PSS

MR. KEMP REACHES LIZ
— SHE IS DYING

LOOKS LIKE I
WON'T BE ABLE TO
GET YOU OUT OF
THIS ONE



BUT HIS
MURMURED
REPLY FALLS
ON EARS
SOUNDLY DEAF

HUSBAND IS UNMOVED

VERY AFFECTING
MR. KEMP — BUT YOU
SEE — YOU ARE COMING
WITH US



GET LOST,
YOU BASTARD!
TO RATHER
DIE!



PERHAPS
YOU WOULD,
MR. KEMP, BUT WOULD
PSS TAPLIN?

HER'S DOING
FINE — PROBABLY MAKE
A COMPLETE RECOVERY IN
AN HOUR — PROVIDING THAT
MACHINERY CONTINUES
TO FUNCTION

IN HUSBAND'S CHAIRS
GAME, KEMP IS
FINALLY... IN CHARGE!

LATER, AS THE TINY SHIP NEARS THE ASTEROID, RUMS AND LAUD



ALL I NEED IS A DIVERSION / YOU DO THE REST.

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE TO HELP YOU—BUT I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

MEANWHILE, BELOW—A LAST-MONTHS ARGUMENT

YOU WON'T MAKE A FORTUNE, HUBBARD WITH THAT MUCH BARRAGE, YOU'LL FLOOD THE MARKET...



A TERRIFIC THAT WILL STRIKE 2000 DOLLARS CENTIGRADE IS NEVER VALUABLE... ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE IS DECIDING UPON THE BATTLE SUPERIOR ROCKET-TUBES

IT'LL BE AS VALUABLE AS COLOURED GLASS!

AND EXTENDING MAN'S DOMINION TO THE FAR OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

THE LAST OF HUBBARD'S THINGS LEAVES TWO SHIP TO JOIN HIS SUGGESTION MASTER, AS RUMS CONTACTS THE ENIGMA



ONE ROUND FROM ZERO TWO, KARAWINSKY ACTS

QUICKLY—ON TO THE CONTROL ROCK—BUILT SEAT AND SWITCHES FIRST!

RIGHT!

YOUR MAN! THEY'LL HAVE TO INVENT A NEW CODE FOR EACH!



GOOD-GOD! NOW PULL THE THROTTLE BACK TO FULL!

THE MAIN THRUST UNIT IS RIGHT OVER ONE OF HUBBARD'S MEN



HE DIES INSTANTLY—AS THE SHIP SEARS HIS SUIT



HIS REMAINS ARE CONSPIRACY TO THE GLAZED OF SPACE

TO SPIN ENDLESSLY OVER EARTH, ACROSS THE CHANGING VOID.

HUBBARD'S MEN SUE IN WORSHIP AS THEIR MASTER POINTS



WHILE, BEHIND THEM, KAMP WORKS FAST.

HE STANDS, LIFELINES DISCONNECTED, READY
TO DRIVIER THE JUMP-PO GEAR



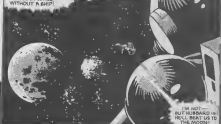
AS THE ENGINES BOAR INTO
LIFE, MEMO'S CAUTIOUS MRS
CRUISE OFF-BALANCE



COMPLETE WITH ITS THREE MILPLERS,
FLAILING PASSENGERS, THE ATTERDOR BRINGS
THE LAST LAP OF ITS CELESTIAL JOURNEY—
LAYING A TINY FIGURE IN ITS WAKE.



"I'VE ALWAYS SAID
YOU WERE A GOOD PILOT
BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO
TRAVEL IN SPACE
WITHOUT A SHIP!"



WHO KNOWS WHAT THOUGHTS
RUMOR THROUGH THE MINDS OF
THE THREE DOOMED MEN AS
THEY HEURTY TOWARDS
OBLIVION

SEVERAL MINUTES
LATER, SPECTACLE
CRATER IS ABOUT
TO LIVE UP TO
ITS NAME

YOU KNOW, AS SOON
AS THAT ASTEROID HIT
IT BECAME THE PROPERTY
OF WALLY TURLIN

MEPP!

OR, MORE
CORRECTLY
MRS. MEPP—
OH—NOW

I'M RIGHT WHAT I
DO WITH IT ALL

YOU COULD
LEND ME HALF
A TON TO PAY
THE FINES WHEN
MY PART IN ALL
THIS COMES
OUT

DOES
BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE
FLEET?

SAKE
AS HUSBAND,
I GUESS...

YOU MEAN
SELL IT TO
WHOEVER BELIEVES
THE FIRST SHIPS
TO GO TO THE
OUTER
PLANETS?

HOLD ON
YOU TWO! THEY'LL
HAVE TO AGREE TO
A CERTAIN PRODTM
AND A CERTAIN
ENGINEER

RIGHT NOW, I'D
EXCHANGE MY WHOLE
FORTUNE FOR A
HOT SHOWER AND
A GOOD NIGHT'S
REST!

THAT
RECKONS
ME, CLAM
—HOW IS
YOUR
BODY?

WE KEMP—
WHY DON'T
YOU COME AND
HAVE A LOOK?

I MAY,
UH, TAKE
YOU UP ON
THAT

THE
END

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THE GOLDEN AGE OF HORROR featuring

BELA LUGOSI

by Denis Gifford

Denis Gifford, author of the newly-reprinted *Pictorial History of Horror Films* and *Movie Monsters*, continues his New Look at Old Movies by reviewing them in their original order of appearance in British cinema. Today he arrives in the New Year of 1932 and witnesses the birth of the first great star of the Horror Film: Bela Lugosi.

The sound of music had been the central essential to the Talkies from the start. It was Johnson's songs that sold *The Jazz Singer* to the picturegoing millions. Speech came second: Joley's almost accidental 'You ain't heard nothin' yet', slipped in between the solos, created an instant demand to hear the shadow heroes speak. Warner Brothers met that pressure by expanding their two-reel *Lights of New York* into a feature that gave them all talk: Tom Dugan and his pals sat around clumsily-disguised microphones for a reel at a time, speaking slowly and distinctly such instant classic clichés as 'Take him for a ride'. Then the Warners mixed the two, adding music to talk in *The Terror*. For the first time music became inseparable from the visual side of the motion picture. As the Hooded Terror pounded on his underground organ, the throbbing thrums hummed through the auditorium, raising the nape-hairs courtesy of Vitaphone.

Music had, of course, been an added ingredient to the motion picture experience almost from the first flicker. Piano players pounded in their pits, foreground organists belted to the Bioscopes, and string sextettes serenaded to 'Come the Dawn' subtitles. Come the dawn of the Talkie Revolution and not only the musicians found themselves suddenly on the 'dole': in line with them were the publishers and composers of Mood Music, ready-made melodies to



suit any silent screen cliché. From romance to mystery, these chaps had a cure for it.

Curiously, when the movies found sound, speech and music were suddenly separated. For a time, talkies talked and musicals musicked and apart from *The Terror*, never the twin seemed to meet. Mood music, so essential to the silents, was suddenly outcast. Films had talk and between the lines they had silence; you were lucky if you heard a faint tinkle or two behind the opening titles and the closing trademark. Music was reduced to no more than an overture. Even *Dracula*, the first true horror film, made do with a phrase or two from Tchaikovsky, arranged and conducted by Universal's musical director David Broeckman. But *Dracula* had music of a different kind: the voice of its star was all the music it needed. Count Dracula has a phrase that follows the offscreen howl of a wolf 'Listen to them... children of the night... what music they make...' What music he made: Bela Lugosi, who made the line as immortal as Count Dracula himself.

SHOW STEALER

Dracula begins with the pictorial thrills of Walpurgisnacht in Transylvania. Tod Browning, who knew well the values of his visuals, fills out the theatrical origins of his version with crochets and coffins, vampires and vaults, spiders and webs and things that go scuttie in corners. Yet amid all the splendour of the crumbling gothic, all the moving and cutting of Browning's graphics, it is the actor that dominates. Tall, evilly elegant in his night-black cloak, clenching of hand and staring of eye, Bela Lugosi had enough going for him physically to suit and steal any silent film (which, indeed, he had been

knows to do) But once add his voice and give him well-tuned lines to speak, and you were in the presence of a star. A superstar, to use a term he never lived to hear.

Bela Lugosi's voice (and, indeed, name) had the lit of evil. This was the music of Dracula, more than any Tchaikovskyian phrase Brockman could choose. The chance of his birth in far away Hungary gave Lugosi a fine start in the accent stakes, but what gave his cadence the final twist of strangeness was the way he had learned to speak English. A refugee in America, he had broken onto the New York stage by learning his lines phonetically. He

learned the language by its rhythms and spoke its words like the lines of a song. The trick stayed with him down the years, and when his big break came in Hollywood, it made him a star. When Bela Lugosi said 'I am Dracula, I bid you welcome', the words imprinted on the memory like a melody—a sinister song. They imprinted themselves on Lugosi, too, in an even more sinister way. In the eyes of the film makers, Lugosi was Dracula and Dracula was Lugosi. His film roles, growing smaller as the films grew larger, or larger as the films grew smaller, would seldom be more than reworkings of Dracula. Fine while the horror film was booming,



A small moment from *White Zombie*—above



A rare picture of the ever-answer Bela Lugosi. From *White Camel*.



tragic while the horror film was in decline. 'I am Dracula' said Lugosi, and he was. The words followed him like a curse, his own personal vampire bite. They followed him to the grave; he was buried wrapped in his Dracula cloak.

But the tragedy was far away in the future, that January day in 1931. 'Dracula—the breath-taking thriller now a Screen Masterpiece' cried Universal Pictures in their advertisement in the *Cineograph Times*. 'To chill you and thrill you and fill you with uncanny excitement!' And in Universal's list of forthcoming releases they called *Dracula* the 'Fantastic vampire mystery thriller'. Clearly, a new label was needed, but as yet nobody had thought of 'horror film'. Carl Laemmle, the spy mogul who had created Universal City out of his early independent stand against the old giant Thomas Edison, made a special announcement:

SMASH HIT

'*Dracula* is ready for trade show during the first two or three weeks in new year. I am proud of this one as the outstanding dramatic thrill of the Universal production season. The choice of Bela Lugosi as the star was wise. (Originally, Conrad Veidt had been slated for the role: D. G.) His performance is superb, polished, admirable. Helen Chadler, David Manners the English actor, Edward Van Sloan (etc) compose an ideal cast of dramatic players. They enact this strange story of the Vampire Count and his victims with a thrill which few talkies have had. Those who saw it on the stage will demand to see the picture. Those thousands upon thousands who read the book will form ready-made audiences for this film. Tod Browning was the director.'

And when the film finally arrived in London that February, a double-page pictorial spread boosted it thus: 'It's here! The mighty, awe-inspiring, breath-taking, heart-gripping, all-conquering *Dracula*! Daring! Thrilling! Chilling! It will amaze the world!' For all that, the catchline they chose to promote the picture was 'The Story of the World's Most Amazing Passion'. Universal unveiled it on February the fourteenth: Valentine's Day!

Dracula opened at the Capitol Cinema in London's West End, one month later. *Film Weekly* did not approve. 'Personally, this reviewer finds the subject revolting but he does not deny that the film has spine-drilling



Above: *Dracula's* coffin discovered. Edward Van Sloan opens the lid.

Below: A classic shot from *Mark Of The Vampire*





thella in pleury. This did not prevent them from running a short-story version in August, when the film was generally released. *The Undead* by Ian Conyers ('To her horror a gigantic bat flew straight into the room, circled twice round her—and disappeared, yielding place to Count Dracula, who stood beside her in his crimson-lined coat with a look of grim intensity in his evil eyes!') A case, perhaps, of having your blood and drinking it!

And on the eighteenth of April 1931, the following historic announcement appeared in *Film Weekly* under the heading 'The Rest of the News in Brief':

'Masters in the Rue Morgue, the famous Edgar Allan Poe story, will be the third of Universal's trio of horror pictures. The first was *Dracula*, to be followed by *Frankenstein*, the novel by Mary Byshe Shelley.' The horror film was officially born.

NEXT MONTH: YEAR OF FEAR

The trials of *Dracula* (from the 1911-1930)



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House of Hammer ANSWER DESK

Because of the surprisingly high number of letters about the same subject, we're devoting this issue's **Answer Desk** purely to one person, and one film.

Ingrid Pitt as Countess Dracula This film, made by Hammer in 1970 tells of a Hungarian Countess who in her lust for youth slaughtered hundreds of young virgins for their blood, finally turning on her own daughter to retain her immortality. Somewhat like Bram Stoker's original Dracula story and later Jess

Franco's film **Count Dracula** (starring Christopher Lee), this film has Ingrid Pitt going through various stages of aging and rejuvenating.

Here are some of the different stages, requested by **John Verrill** of Bristol, **Yvonne Cash** of Highgate, **Terri McNamer** of Heads Nook, Cambria, **Tim Llewellyn** of Fulham, **Mike Conroy** of Plumstead, **Geoffrey Nicholson** of Ealing, **Stephen Richards** of Manchester and **Alan Booth** of Sheffield.



ANOTHER
Hammer
bonus feature
by John Fleming



DERANGED

The British Board of Film Censors didn't like it at all.

Towards the end of *Deranged*, a naked girl is hung upside down. She is suspended from the roof of a large hut, ropes tied round her ankles. The killer then inserts a knife into her and, staring at the top, slices her open. The blood flows down over her breasts and the censor's head is thrown away.

Deranged is on breasts is a horror film. The whole sequence has been cut out of the film.

Deranged is a rather mundane, folk, considering it comes from the team that unleashed *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*. Alan Crainby, co-scripter, star and ghoul make-up expert on *Children*, scripted, made-up and co-directed with Jeff Gullen *Deranged*.

Presumably Jeff Gullen is the Jeffrey Gullen who co-starred in *Children*. Jack McGowan photographed both films.

And to find that *Children's* co-producer, Jack Galt, Galt's wife, *Deranged's* assistant director, were Ken

Goch and Martin Gullen makes it seem as if there's a ghoulish collection of friends somewhere in middle America.

The film is based on the same real-life incident that inspired *Psycho* and the famous *Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*. Handyman Ed Gein was arrested in 1957 after mutilating, murdering, manipulating, eating and generally not being nice to local people.

Deranged, an extremely violent, low-budget film, opens with a scene of a man, a doctor who claims to be a doctor, who

(credits say he's Leslie Carlson), a newspaper columnist who covered the real events. This film isn't for the squeamish, he says. "Nothing has been left to the imagination."

Simple Ezra Cobb (played by Roberts Blossom) is a two-bit American farmer who looks like a cross between Sir Bernard Miles and a Duchan victim. His paralyzed mother is dying. Women are venal, she tells him. The wages of sin is a nasty social disease. Don't trust any woman except Maureen Selby, she's far. And fate is friendly.

BLOOD-RED SOUP

Ezra ladles an poisonous green soup into his mother's mouth. She starts choking. The green bile-like soup bubbles from her mouth then turns blood red. Maureen is dead.

And buried. But Ezra can't cope. He gives up farming, his mind gone. He becomes a local handyman. A year later, he hears his mother's voice telling him to bring her home.

He digs her coffin up. There she is. Her face, her clothes, everything exactly as it was in life. She's even faintly smiling. He happily clasps her white-gloved hand—and her arm comes off. Ezra recoils back and sees his mother as she really is—a decomposed, sickly pulp.

He takes her home, lays her on her old bed and kneels beside her. "I'll have to put you back together like that old egg in the fairy tale," he says. The camera pans across the room. There, standing in the corridor, is the narrator. He explains Ezra decided to use real skin for the re-putching.

The narrator runs the film, but don't



A grisly sight... for a decomposing corpse, but not a real LIFE!

blame the British distributors. They have wisely cut out as much of him as possible. Pity they couldn't eat out his tongue. We can only assume he is some interrupted joke which mis-fires. Because, in fact, *Deranged* is intentionally a very, very funny movie.

The film is amazingly believable. Whereas *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is just plain silly, *Deranged* is effectively humorous, nasty mad, in some places, sexy. All the characters are vapourishly underplayed. Particularly a magnificently ludicrous drunk and Roberts Blossom's central performance as Ezra. He is a great re-actor. He wanders through the film with a slightly puzzled expression on his face. He's a perfectly frank, open, innocent simpleton and sadist.

Throughout the movie he tells his

neighbours exactly what he is doing, but they won't believe him. Oh what a host, they say. Old Ezra's going to dig up his ex-Sunday School teacher because his dead mother needs a new face. He's a one, that Ezra. No he's no.

TALKS TO THE DEAD

Ezra does his boiler and pipe-trapeze to Aunt Fat and friendly Maureen Selby. He confides in her; he says he talks to his mother.

"Mr Cobb, are you making fun of me?" Maureen asks.

"No ma'am," says Ezra, who would never dream of lying.

"Well you see, says Maureen she talks to Herbert, her husband. He was burned to death in a car accident. Say, why don't we have a four-way seance? Herbert's never met Mrs Cobb, Ezra goes home to

Mary. Rantow about to let the bottle fly off Ezra's head!



Ezra's mum... after!

medium and tall. Now he likes chubby women. But a drunk man might get mistaken for a pig, he and his men think Maureen is 'all thighs, good thighs... spindlers'.

But he goes back to work for the nearest. Herbert's spirit speaks through Maureen. It says that, being thin-bodied, it misses the album 'corpus' aspect of marriage. Perhaps Ezra can help? 'Make my wife a woman again,' says Herbert. Maureen unburies his coffin.

Ezra decides he does like fat women and then goes off to his bedroom but he's not quite sure what to do. Then he remembers the wages of sin, that nasty sound disease and how all women are venereal. Maureen unburies Ezra's coffin and finds a man. He can feel his finger on the trigger. He blasts two bullets through her head, then takes her home to his mother for companionship.



Ezra (somewhat disgusted) returns out

TEATIME WITH CORPSES

Ezra's next victim is Mary Ransom, a sensuous young barmaid whom he lures to his isolated home. When she enters his home, alone, she finds cluttered, unclean chaos, animal bones and a stuffed bird. She hears a squealing noise and goes into a small room. On the floor she sees a decomposing skull. Staggering back she stumbles across a group of five corpses wearing grumpy dresses, sitting in chairs with tea-cups on their laps. Upon the wall one of the corpses is alive. It's Ezra wearing a dress, wig and face-makeup of dried kumquat skin. Mary tries to escape but is caught and trapped to tea-time with the various decomposing bodies Ezra has collected. He has decided to marry

Mary. He plays music on a drum made of belly skin using a leg-bone as drumstick. 'I'm just tryin' to show you I got talents,' he says.

After a bit of a fondle and fumble, Mary manages to smash Ezra on the head with a bottle and tries unsuccessfully to escape. He races after her in slow motion. Part of the chase has been cut by the British distributors because, they say, 'it looked bloody silly'.

Mary is caught and Ezra blinds her very, very bloodily to death with his musical leg-bone. He honestly tells his two closest neighbours that the Mary Ransom reported missing is really dead in his house with his old Sunday School teacher, his mother and a few other corpses. But they don't believe him. However, they do begin to worry when

he kills some of his neighbours. In incident 10, Ezra goes outside 'has got victims get yourself'.

Young Sally works in the local gunner's shootin' club and has a handcup stone. One day, Sally is with her. Ezra loads one of the shooting about and aims it at her. She smokes it then then crashes on to the floor as the bullet hits her.

He takes Sally 'grounded' on the temple back towards his place in his truck but she escapes in the woods. Her boyfriend and his father are hunting in these woods. There are traps set everywhere. As a petrified Sally runs and stumbles through the forest, one of the steel trap traps shot on her ankle. Ezra is coming - she can hear him.

She hides in the bushes. Ezra lies the chain attached to the trap. He pulls on the chain and the trap's steel jaws pull. Sally cut by the ankle. Ezra picks his gun and fires. This time Sally is very dead.

By now, her friends have discovered she is missing and that Ezra was the last person to see her. They rush out to the farm where they discover that both Ezra and the British Censor have been cutting out some very, very nasty bits and pieces.

Deviated is a joy. Specially for such lovers of the grotesque, Tommy Cooper and Les Dawson. Not at all a spoof horror film but a bloody straight terror picture where horror and underplayed, unemphasised humour lift it well above the normal exploitation movie.

USA 1974. Certificate X. Original running time 82 mins. British running time 79 mins.



Now the smiling knife in Ezra's hands, he tries to be sure the dead stay dead!

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HORROR AROUND THE WORLD PRESENTS...

MEXICAN MONSTERS

by David K. BROWN



à gauche

à droite: RENE CARDONA

LE ROBOT SADIQUE

TRISTANO

DE LA LORENCE

DE L'EPON



Last time we looked at Mexico's most famous vampires, *Count Laredo* and *Neotrahama*. This time we present an assortment of other Mexican mayhem-makers.

The Chinese kung-fu films were thought, by most of the world, to be something totally new and different. But not in Mexico. As many as twenty years before Bruce Lee "blasted" his way to stardom, Mexico was making such films as *Wrestling Tumbao Vs. the Aster Hammer* (Las Luchadoras Contra La Muerte) which in itself was a sequel to both the exploits of the wrestling women and the *Aster Hammer*. But this film wasn't actually made until 1964, and was one of the many that followed the notable *Ladron De Cadaveres*, made in 1955 by Fernando Mendez (who directed *El Vampiro*—see House of Hammer 5).

THE BODY SNATCHERS

In *Ladron de Cadaveres* (The Body Snatcher), a succession of apparently unrelated random murders leads to the discovery of a brutally killed famous athlete's body. Like the previous bodies, he has a huge wound in his head.

The police try to protect other athletes and sportswomen in the city, but in the disguise of a lonely velvet seller, the mysterious murderer (played by Carlos Riquelme) claims another victim.

Guillermo Santes (wrestler Wolf Rubenstein) volunteers to trap the killer, but his aching back/ribs and he too is killed. The murderer, an evil foreign scientist, then transplants a gorilla's brain into the wrestler's dead body, reanimating it as a ferocious killer.

At this point, the police commissioner decides to go it alone against the killer and his champion, and dons a disguise to hide his real identity of a champion wrestler named—wait for it—*El Vampiro*. Obviously Mendez the director likes the name!



Don't look away...but you're being dis-posed by The Man Without a Face



A victim of the ferocious micro-organisms spread by The Killers From Outer Space — another victim to be confronted by the invisible Santa. From Santa Contra Los Asqueros de Otros Mundos



A terrific struggle ensues between the wrestling policeman and the human gorilla, during which the latter's mask is torn off (oh, yes, all Mexican wrestlers are masked, in film anyway!). Beneath the mask, we see that the man's face has changed; he looks more ape than human.

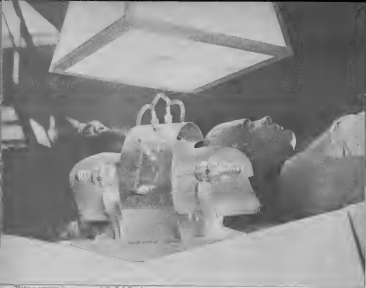
But not only has his face changed—his mind is so primitive that the marvellous scientist is no longer able to control his champion, and the man-ape wrestler turns on his master and savagely kills him.

The ending of this film follows shortly as the man-ape tries to kidnap the girl he, as a human, had loved, but is thwarted by *El Vampiro*. Another struggle between the two takes place as the man-ape scales the rooftops with his former love, but this time the commissioner is victorious and the villain falls to his doom from the building's edge.

Incidents from this film crop up again and again throughout the run of the Mexican monster film, its influence has been quite immense, and it is an item that could definitely stand screening over here.

NEUTRON VS. DEATH ROBOTS

Guillermo Santa, the man-ape of *Ladron de Cadaveres* went on to establish himself as the black-masked wrestler Neutron in a series of films made in the early 1960s in which he battled karate assassins, invisible killers, and



The brain-implant. Downward to right, in *The Body Snatcher*

In arch foe, the awaking Dr. Caronte.

In *Notre Agent the Death Robots* (1961) the Irish Caronte has coupled together the brains of three dead scientists to help his plan to complete his world dominating neutron bomb. With Nick, his evil dwarf (grandly dwarves are rare in these films) Dr. Caronte makes off with another amnesiac scientist Dr. Thomas and intimidates him with the threat of hurling Nork (the brouse) into a pit full of menacing zombies unless he will help. Only intrepid Neutron can foil this plan, disarm the bomb and destroy the laboratory, in yet another of the cinematic labyrinths which we encounter in these films.

The wrestling movies are an equally fascinating branch. In *Las Luchadoras Contra el Mefisto Asesino* (The Wrestling Women Vs. the Murderous Doctor) made in 1952 by Rene Cardona, we face our old friend the ape brain transplant here done twice, first into a man and then into a woman conferring on them the same superior strength.

In 1964 the busy Señor Cardona offered *Las Luchadoras Contra la Muerte* (The Wrestling Women Vs. the Angel of Death) in which the resoundingly victorious turn into a vampire too! In 1969 we have Cardona's *Las Luchadoras Contra el Robot Asesino* (The Wrestling Women Vs. the Killer Robot) in which the evil professor Ordoz creates to rule the world with his robot army. The prototype runs amok attacking its attendant

The improved model however abducts Professor Reta (whose daughter is the secret identity of one of the wrestling women). The girl, Gaby, and the police find and destroy the madman's lair which infuses him to the point where he creates a wrestler robot programmed to kill Gaby the wrestler woman in the ring unless the police can find Ordoz in time.

Rene Cardona Jr. (his dad, Rene Cardona Sr., also directed and starred in these Mexican monster movies) continued his interest in lady monster battles in 1967 with *la Mujer Murciélagos* (The Bat Woman), in which Maria Montez encountered Auzan's two monsters

and on at least one occasion a wonder dog!

But he remains more man than bat man, looking round the world fighting opponents who surprisingly often turn out to be monster ring-men under their hoods.

Occasionally Santo attracts fellow wrestlers to battle the hordes of creatures sent against him, calling in Blue Demon (Alejandro Cruz) from the Champions of Justice series where he, along with Mil Mascaras (Thousands Faces), El Rayo de Jalisco (Jalisco's Lightning), El Avionero Escarlata (the Red Wings) and El Fantasma Blanco (White Ghost) battle their own foes.

In his early exploits Santo dealt less with monsters than traditional criminals. Although even then he came across such villains as a Jack the Ripper type in *Santo es el Hércules de la Muerte* (Santo is the Hero of Death) of 1961, and in *Santo Contra el Rapero* (Santo Vs. the Ghoul) 1965 he traps the masked figure terrorizing the theatre *Phantom of the Theatre*.

However to the series grows to do the supernatural opponents culminating in *Santo y Blue Demon Contra los Muertos* (Santo and Blue Demon against Monsters) made in '68 featuring Manuel Lora as Frankenstein (notice the mis-spelling! It's deliberate. These films often slightly modify the names of famous characters. Would you believe... Superman?). In this one yet another evil dwarf backs up the sinister Dr. Bruno Halder who launches against our hero a branchback, the Frankenstein!

THE MEXICAN SAINT

However the most intriguing of the Mexican wrestler series series is undoubtedly the man in the mask of Silver, El Santo, (meaning The Saint) who is simultaneously a champion of the ring, super hero and master detective—speaking in a growling monster. His films are hard to track down as not wanting to confuse him with Simon Templar, his tales are translated as the exploits of Argos or even Superman. Santo has yet to remove his mask in the twenty years of his career and it's not even certain that one actor has played the character throughout this period, though he is identified only by the name of the lens on the credits. He has a laboratory manned by his scientist associate, and a canine side-kick along with a marvel car



THE GREAT MARIENFELD REVENUE (1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16) (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) (22) (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) (28) (29) (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100)

SUPERMAN CONTRE L'INVASION DES MARTIENS

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The Devil! Santo—the hero of catholics vs. the Devil! (The villain himself appears on page 40).

Frankenstein/Frankenstein monster, a vampire with two vampire brides, a mummy, a werewolf, a cyclone (where one also is, much too close together), a skull-less creature and four green zombies. As if that wasn't enough he even makes an evil double of Blue Demon Santo, of course, cope with all this with a shocking great explosion.

SANTO VS. DRACULA

In the same year, Cardena knocked out my favorite, in the series, *Santo vs El Tesoro de Dracula* (Santo Against Dracula's Treasure). This one kicks off in Santo's laboratory where he plans to send his plump red headed lady friend Luiza (Noelke Noell), back to the period of Dracula's reign of terror to establish the whereabouts of his fabulous treasure, a secret so well kept that not even Bram Stoker knew about it! When she arrives in the past Luiza is accepted by all including the suave Count Alucard (they love backward spelling in Mexico) who attempts to turn her into another of those vampire ladies of which he has a careful Santo, watching on time television manages to revive the lady just in time to prevent her being staked through the heart by ignorant villagers.

Back in the present the king of the underworld has challenged Santo to fight his son in the ring and just to make life a bit more interesting revives Dracula by plucking the

spike from his heart. It's a close match but the rain in the state of silver triangles, strongly enough. So, the bad again and he is the king of the underworld scapery presto and Santo pursues her to the vampire's tomb where it looks as if he will be rescued by the Count.

However, always successful, Santo has arranged that the roof of Dracula's cave will be dismantled away by his gym mates at the appropriate moment, exposing the vampires to the sun which reduces them to smoldering paper bats.

In this one Aldo Moro makes quite an impressive Dracula and there's also an appearance by Carlos Agostí, who was also star of the Count Frankenstein series of the early fifties—El Vampiro Sangriento (The Bloody Vampire) and La Invasión de los Vampiros (Invasion of Vampires).

NAZIS AND VAMPIRE WOMEN

In *Santo Contra Blue Demon en la Atlantida* (Santo Vs Blue Demon in Atlantis) a Nazi scientist uses his know-how in brainstorming to implement his plan to rule the world from his base in Atlantis. Once again Santo has to overcome an evil duplicate of Blue Demon complete with stock footage of rockets from the Japanese 1945 *Mostru Zero*.

In *Santo Contra los Místicos Vampiros* (Santo vs The Vampire Women) made in

1962, Santo comes to the aid of Dr. Orloff whose daughter the vampire woman had recognized as their true queen by the mark on her shoulder. During the film he survives the substitution of yet another man-up for his opponent in the standard feature wrestling match.

REVENGE OF VAMPIRE WOMEN

Naturally when in the 1969 *Santo en la Venganza de las Mujeres Vampiro* (Revenge of the Vampire Women) Cuernavaca Mayo is revived by the malignant Dr. Brancor the guy about getting her revenge for one of Santo's former slayings a stake in her heart. Enter Aldo Moro again, this time as Commissioner Robles (doubtless a descendant of the police officer of the same name in *Ladron de Cadaveres*) and he and Santo investigate despite being opposed by a devil but lady and a vampire escaped from the morgue in the nick of time. Dr. Brancor's plan to saw up Robles for spare parts for Raxos his monster is frustrated by Santo who burns the vampire, coffin, leaving Countess Mayo nowhere to hide, and having asked her down yet again, rounds up the bad guys.

DRACULA, THE MUMMY AND FRANKENSTEIN

In 1971, Santo's sudden knowledge of Egyptology enables him to expose the false mummy in the film, *Santo en la Venganza de la Momia* (Santo and the Mummy's Vengeance). In the same year another Santo film appears, *Santo contra la hija de Frankenstein* (Santo vs. Frankenstein's Daughter)—yes, they speak Frankenstein right this time! This time Santo manages to suppress the Count early on, but then then has to contend with his daughter. But finally, without her supply of the blood of young women, Frankenstein's daughter ages and crumbles before Santo's astonished eyes.

The following year, 1972, sees *Santo y Blue Demon contra Dracula y el Hombre Lobo* (Spring into the veins of these titles). That one

was Santo and Blue Demon vs. Dracula and The Wolfman! Dracula is revived by his overfamiliar handbook, and quickly calls in the help of a werewolf to help him battle Santo. But to no avail and Santo again saves the day.

... AND BLACK MAGIC TOO

Santo contra la Magia Negra (Santo vs. Black Magic) 1972, involves our hero assisting Interpol who arrange a series of wrestling matches in the arid desert fields where scientists have been disappearing (the logical thing to do under the circumstances, no?). The high priestess has seen all this in the pool of the gods and sends off voodoo zombies to waylay the man in the mask of silver on the way from the airport. Overcoming them Santo and his daughter investigate and Santo's prowess defeats a supernatural wrestling opponent who has the ability to change into a tiger. This surprises white magic priestess Denise that she helps him by sending in the police to wipe out the sect.

ENTER DR. SATAN

It's not far from there to another favorite Mexican film series starring Dr. Satan. *El Dr. Satan* (1969) features the master scientist disguised as Dr. Armasuena whose activities range from raising the dead to furnishing him with zombie assistants to counteracting with the aid of local gangsters. This opens Interpol whose Inspector Malton becomes a target for the zombie who was Dr. Satan's former aid, Rodriguez. The doctor's secretary and Malton's fiancée form an alliance but are trapped in the cave of zombies under Dr. Satan's office.

However, Interpol is alerted via wrist radio and Dr. Satan comes forth to save the girls from his zombies with another of his voodoo rituals. But by revealing himself, he is captured by the authorities, although he soon recites another charm and vanishes in a puff of smoke from his prison cell.

DR. SATAN VS. ZOMBIES

El Dr. Satan y la Magia Negra uses the divided doctor despatched from hell (wonder how he got there?) to take from a rival warlock, Yei Lin, the secret of the philosopher's stone, with which he is manufacturing brass metal into gold with the intention of "guess what?" ruling the world.

Dr. Satan's girl zombie assistants are stopped by Yei Lin's quickly resurrected corpses and vampires, and so the hero/villain himself has to move in and stop the evil warlock. So Dr. Satan and Yei Lin face one another in a fierce magic duel to the death, from which the demon doctor finally rises triumphant, his opponent dead.

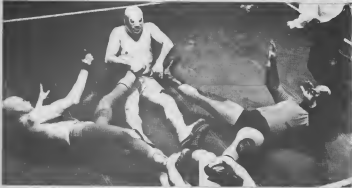
THE REAL DEVIL

Satan figures regularly in the Mexican fantasy cinema. In *Atropia de Un Fantasma* (Atrophy of a Phantom) 1967, a nineteenth century suicide is allowed to return to earth to see if he can be accepted by any of three women—one of whom is a robot! This group are mixed in with a secret agent, confidence man, a child star, Cameron Mitchell as a mad doctor, Basil Rathbone as a devil and John Cusack playing Satan.

The relationship with the American horror film industry runs deeper than the borrowing of a few ideas however, Mexican films often bear more than a passing resemblance to earlier American ones.

The Mexican comedian Capulina confronted Satan (in 1971) and vampires (in 1972) in much the same way as Abbot and Costello worked their way through the Universal monsters.

Also, all the traditional, already-filmed-in-the-States ideas pop up on the Mexican screen. *Santo contra El Espanto* is a thinly disguised *Phantom Of The Opera*, *Santo contra Telen los Hermanos* (Santo vs. the Dead Brothers) is



Santo up to some leg-pulling action in the wrestling ring



DA-32

ARTHUR SCHNITZER FILMS PRESENTS



AN ADAPTATION OF THE NOVEL

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE
SCREENPLAY BY
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LOS

DIAS DEL AMOR

CO-ADAPTED BY

ANITA DORFMAN DUBO

AND JESUS GARCIA GONZALEZ
DIRECTED BY ANITA DORFMAN DUBO
CASTING BY ANITA DORFMAN DUBO
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PRODUCED BY ANITA DORFMAN DUBO

similarly Fall of the House of Usher. This film features the hero searching for his fiancée and finding her in the house of the Gerards, dominated by her brother whose plan to trade off his sister to the devil for evil gains brings the roof in.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A rather different Poe adaptation is *La Marmota de la Lluerna* (House of Madness) (1972) from The System of Dr. Tar and Professor Feather. Seeking details of the revolutionary methods of Dr. Maillard in treating the insane, an eighteenth century reporter comes to his asylum but suspects all is not well when someone takes a shot at him.

He rapidly has these fears confirmed when his tutor confronts him with a chicken man, Dante crucified, men walled up in the chimneys and the beautiful niece of the proprietor spread out with grapes being squeezed over her.

The supposed Dr. Maillard is none other than Pragonard the madman who has taken over the asylum with the other inmates. Pragonard being played with relish and in English by Claudio Brook.

The elegance of scenes like Brook's horseback ride through the salon where inmates stand in glass cases contrasts starkly with the rough and tumble of the comic strip-type adventures of Santo, German Robles and wandering robbers.

One could go on describing the Mexican

fantasy cinema endlessly from its one-off like the 1960 *Le Nave de los Monstruos* (Ship of the Monsters) in which two outer-space ladies have to decide between moon monsters and their Mexican suitors.

Or the 1972 *La Noche de los Mil Gatitos* (Night of the Thousand Cats), which features a playboy who mounts the heads of his girl friends in display cases and feeds servants who war against him at chess to his ravenous cats.

Or any of the many, many other insane, often trash spectacles made to entertain Mexican monster lovers. But then, that would fill several issues of this magazine, rather than the several pages it does.

MEXICAN MIX-UP MAYHEM

This is one of the most prolific horror film industries in the world, if not the most prolific. Unfortunately little is known about it, with even the experts listing the same film twice under different English titles or confusing the Mexican and Argentinian films with which they have some connection as when Mexican star German Robles appeared in the Argentinian film, *El Vampiro Ardiente*. (The Vampire Strikes)

The Mexican cinema always has had its grisly aspect, like the forest of hanging men in *Los Días del Amor* (Days of Love). So it's only logical that horror films are among the

busiest kind of Mexican Cinema.

The film which sums it all up is the busy Rene Cardona Jr's *Night of the Bloody Apes* currently circulating in Britain.

Here tragedy strikes Dr. Krauman when he learns that his son, young Julio, is suffering from an incurable blood disease. The master surgeon hits upon the desperate (if now a little farfetched) plan of transplanting the heart of a gorilla from the local zoo, so he abducts the beast one night.

The operation is a gross success but along with the new strength he has gained, Julio has acquired new tastes. He goes through periods of ape like appearance, during which he wanders off, nipping up young women.

Dr. Krauman removes his erring offspring and subjects him to another heart transplant using a heart stolen from a woman patient. But it has no effect, the monkey man is here to stay. In his ape character, Julio has slaughtered so many locals that the police are becoming disturbed and finally they track him to the roof of the hospital where he has cornered off a child whom the police fear they may hit if they open fire. They and Dr. Krauman attempt to find an answer to the problem.

After all the earlier films one would think they would have known that a quick call to Interpol would have brought Santo to wrestle him three falls out of two for the lad. If they don't get in there fast the fiend will stay waiting to rule the world.

VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

YOU MAY WONDER WHAT EVIL IS BEING PERPETRATED HERE IN THIS SMALL TOWN IN SAVARIA MANY YEARS AGO—A MAN DRAGGING A BODY THROUGH THE STREETS IN THE EARLY HOURS? WELL, I WILL TELL YOU IN A STORY THAT HAS TO BE CALLED...



ONE MAN'S MEAT.

A SWOP-KEEPER, BRUMMER, BY NAME, WHO EVERY EVENING AFTER LOCKING UP...

WALKS BRISKLY TO THE TAVERN...

WHERE HE SPENDS THE EVENING DRINKING AND DEMANDING HIS LOSS OF BUSINESS TO FOUNDER MORE EFFICIENT COMPETITION.

IN THE EARLY HOURS, HE WEAVES AN UNSTEADY PATH HOME THROUGH THE SILENCE OF THE WINDING STREETS...

THIS HAPPENS AS REGULAR AS THE SEASONS, UNTIL ONE PARTICULAR NIGHT AFTER AN ESPECIALLY **HEAVY** DRINKING BOUT BRUMMER ENCOUNTERS...



THE WOMAN!



A STRANGER — NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN TOWN.



SIR, I HAVE FALLEN
ON HARD TIMES AND
HAVE NO RESTING
PLACE... I BEG YOU
FOR SUCOUR...



IN HIS DRUNKEN STUPOR,
DRUMMER SUGGESTS
STAKES HER...



AND SO BACK TO HIS SHOP AND THE COLD ROOM THAT IS ESSENTIAL TO HIS BUSINESS...



THEN HE HAS THE IDEA...



SOLVE ALL MY PROBLEMS!
UNDERCUT THE COMPETITION—
AND AT THE SAME TIME...



AND AS BAUMMER, A BUREAU MEAT WITH "MEAT" THE INNOCENT CHILDREN OF KRISTUNG UNWITTINGLY BECOME... **CANNIBALS!**



THAT EVENING, EVEN THE GENTRY IS STOP BAUMMER IN CONVERSATION.



WE SIMPLY MUST COMMEND YOU ON YOUR MEAT DEAR MESS BAUMMER—DINNER WAS SIMPLY DELICIOUS!



BUT HIS HANDS REMAIN—AND THAT NIGHT HE DRINKS HIS FILL, TO STAGGER HOME EARLY NEXT MORNING WITH A BOTTLE IN HIS HAND.



BUT ONCE MORE HE ENCOUNTERS A STRANGER.



WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?

MY NAME DOES NOT MATTER—I SEEK A WOMAN WHO I LOVE TO THIS TOWN AND VANISHED! THEY TELL ME YOU ALWAYS WALK THIS WAY, SO LATE AT NIGHT—YOU MUST HAVE SEEN HER! TELL ME WHERE SHE IS—FOR SHE IS MY SISTER AND SHE NEEDS...HELP!



HE DESCRIBES THE MURDERED WOMAN AND EVEN WHILE SUMMER IS FUMBLING FOR A REPLY...

YOU FOOL! TELL ME! TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

GOOD GOD!!



HE ACTUALLY HE DRINKS THE BOTTLE...



ONCE MORE THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS!

Crash! Crash! Crash!

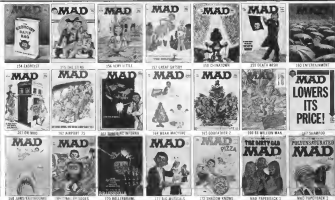


AND THUS WE RETURN TO THE BEGINNING OF OUR STORY AS SUMMER DRAGS THE POOR YOUNG MAN BACK TO HIS SHOP AND REPLENISHES HIS MEAT SUPPLY!



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